

# The Diverting-Post,

Made up into a

## P A C K E T

FOR THE

## ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

## Court, City, and Country.

To be continued MONTHLY.

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For JANUARY, 1706.

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*Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.*

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L O N D O N:

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1706.



The Diving-Post

P A C K E T

FOR THE

OF THE



# The Diverting Post.

To the Gentry of the County of Kent.

Hor. Lib. 4. Ode 8.

THE debts of Gratitude I long to pay,  
And treat my Friends in some uncommon  
Did I on Canvass fam'd *Van-Dyck* excel, (way.  
Whose artful Pencil copy'd Nature well?  
Could I do what great *Gibbons* can alone,  
Like old *Deucalion*, animate a Stone,  
Believe me, Sirs, I should not then forget  
To lay my Skill's best product at your Feet?  
But cease, fond wishes, whither would ye stray?  
I never can oblige you either way:  
Besides you only prize those Images,  
Which not the Body, but the Soul express:  
Verses you love, and Verses I can spare,  
And tell how good, how great a Gift they are.

Not stately Castles rais'd at publick cost,  
Which soon with their Inscriptions will be lost;  
Not a superior Army overthrown,  
A captiv'd Gen'l, and a Country won;  
Not the *Bavarian's* flight, when forc'd to quit  
His Land, his Subjects by a quick retreat.  
Could ever justice do to *Churchill's* Fame,  
Or long preserve his Merits, and his Name:  
But if unequal'd *Phillip's* does rehearse  
His wondrous Actions, in as wondrous Verse,  
The Hero lives to all succeeding Years.

If your great Deeds, no Poet shall proclaim,  
Thou'lt have recompence for doing them.  
Unhappy would fair *Iliad's* Son be found,  
Were his high Merits in Oblivion drown'd.  
At well-rewarding Poetry's command,  
Just *Aeacus* forsook the *Stygian* Sand,  
And big with joy beholds th' *Elysian* Land;  
Verses forbid a worthy Man to die,  
And Crown the Brave with Immortality.  
Because the sacred Nine his worth approve,  
The great *Alcides* Feasts in Heav'n with *Jove*.  
When *Leda's* Egg-born Sons in fight appear,  
They rid the trembling Sailer of his fear:  
Silence the Winds; and calm the Billow's roar,  
And Steer the shatter'd Vessel to the Shoar.  
The jolly God extant with gen'rous Wine,  
Whilst Vine-leaves round about his Temple twine,  
Receives Men's Pray'rs, vouchsafing them a nod,  
By whose effectual Verses he commenc'd a God.

An Almanack sent to a young Lady for  
a New-Years-Gift.

LET the half witted World condemn my thri ft  
To send a new Year for a *New-Years-Gift*,  
Although some things may bear a common price,  
Intents give Value to the Sacrifice,  
Presents of Antique Gold, *Corinthian* Plate  
The spoil of Silk-worms carry shew and state.  
But you that better know the Gift I send  
Who have a nobler Soul, and apprehend  
Beyond the Face, and outward bark of Things,  
May find wealth here above the Crown of Kings.  
Those glories lost may be regain'd, what power  
Can call again the shortest Day or Hour;  
And yet I send a Year to you, that know  
Best to employ it, and to make it grow,  
More fresh and precious by the fair expence  
Of those soft Hours, attend your Innocence.  
So happy new Year to my Love, and may  
The Hours contend to fill up every Day  
With some new Blessings to your Heart, until  
The Year with Joys his Golden number fill.

To a young a Lady on her Birth-Day.  
By Mr. Henry Dennis.

1.  
WHEN at the rise of Light, the Sun  
Profusely Shines with infant Ray,  
We dread the Beams of future Noon,  
And fear the Heat of growing Day.

2.  
So at your Dawn, when first those Eyes  
Immoderately bright did reign,  
Ev'n thence how many date their Sighs,  
That early felt the burning Pain.

3.  
Is't not enough, ye Gods we bow  
To you, and own Caelestial Pow'r;  
But Earth must have her Deities too,  
And thus we slavishly adore?

4.  
Well, let divided Incense smoke,  
I'm sure *Clarinda* hath her share,  
Where my Eyes dictate I'll invoke,  
And to her shrine direct my Prayer.

5.  
Such beautious Eyes, a Wit so rare,  
Might into slavery all Men draw,  
But she with a Majestick Air,  
Where Love should be commands an aw.



So sweet look't new created Eve,  
When first she did her Charms display,  
And spight of his Prerogative,  
Made the Worlds mighty Lord obey.

To Silvia. By Mr. J. B.

DID you possess fair *Inda's* wealthy Land,  
Or cou'd the Treasures of the *West* command,  
I could not Love you more-----  
Nor shou'd the Poverty of *Irus* move,  
My Heart to render up its fixed Love.  
Shou'd all that Beauty be an Off'ring made  
To wrinkled Age, and, as this comes, that fade;  
Shou'd the *White Lilly* hang its drooping Head,  
And seem, alas! in all appearance Dead,  
Those Ruby Lips forsake their Charming Dye,  
And all from the once dearest Object fly,  
And nought appear but *Paula* to the Eye;  
Yet so much Goodness wou'd be left behind,  
It wou'd oblige me to be ever kind.  
Shou'd any Sickness o're your Body reign,  
And rack those tender Limbs with sharpest Pain,  
Yet I would still the constant Partner be  
To share my dearest *Silvia's* Misery.  
But all those Protestations are in vain,  
And I but injure what I wou'd maintain;  
For where those Eyes a Conquest do design,  
The Captive cannot but be ever thine.

On an Orange Flower plac'd betwixt Silvia's Breasts. By Mr. J. B.

BLeft Flower, what of your Country's Warmth  
you want,  
The Beauteous *Silvia's* charming Eyes do grant;  
And what this Frigid Climate cannot give,  
You from their warmer Influence receive.  
Ah! let it not repent thee that thou'rt come  
So great a distance from thy Native Home;  
For to be there, and there improv'd like you,  
Who wou'd not wish to be translated too?  
I cou'd, to gain the Place, desire to be  
A Flow'r my self, I so much Envy thee.

The Miseries of Humane Life, from the  
Greek of Posidippus.

ALas! what State of Life is free from Care!  
There's endless Noise and Wrangling at the  
In City's Hurry, in the Country-Toyl, (Bar.  
Storms on each Sea, and Robbers on each Soil.  
The Poor must ev'ry Hardship undergo,  
And he that's Married has his share of Woe!  
But yet the Man who meanly fears to Wed,  
Reaps not the Comforts of the Marriage Bed.  
Parents with Children many Crosses bear;  
Yet, how uneasy is't to want an Heir!  
Folly and Youth for ever will be joyn'd,  
But Age is weak in Body and in Mind,  
Then, since in Life no solid Bliss we spy,  
Chuse rather not to be, or soon as Born to dye.

To Mrs. Crowstitch in Petticoat-Lane.

BBeing naturally Cut out for your Ladiship, I  
hope you will not deny my Suit, when I send  
this *Bill* to *Canvass* for me, and to tell you, That  
for *Sheer Love* of you my Heart is burnt like my  
*Thread*, and Red hot as my *Goose*. I have long en-  
deavour'd to keep my Passion under-board, but I  
might as well try to empty the *Thames* with my  
*Thimble*, as think that the *Seams* of my Affection  
would not appear, though never so well *Fine-drawn*  
and *Press'd*. So that, since I could not *Pocket* it,  
I was resolv'd to go through *Stitch*, and face it out,  
though it sits ill upon me. I should not care a  
*Button*, if I had any *Loop-hole* to creep out at;  
but considering I am so *Hem'd* in, and the *Border*  
of my Heart so *Tack'd* to the *Skirts* of yours,  
that they cannot well be *unripp'd*. I must beg  
you to look into the *Lining* of my Breast; and  
then, if you are not as *Blind*, or as *Sharp* as your  
*Needle*, you must needs return an *Inch* of your  
Love for a *Yard* of mine, and not suffer the *Sow-*  
*ing-silk* of my Love to be *clipp'd* by the *Scissars* of  
your Cruelty, which can easily bring to *Rags*,  
and consequently Condemn to *Hell*, your Ladi-  
ships without *Measure*.

From Thread-Needle-  
Street.

Timothy Buckram.

To Mr. Crown, seeing Clarinda with a  
Play of his Destruction of Jerusalem, and  
bearing her commend it.

BLeft above Words, oh, more than mortal Bard!  
*Lucinda* reads thy Verse, and gives Reward,  
Once did the Stage approve thy glorious Choice;  
Now thy Reward seems doubled by her Voice;  
Applause from her exceeds whole Crowns of Bays,  
Bounds ev'n Desire, all Labour over-pass.  
Sure she alone without *Medea's* Charm,  
Has power to make old Glingling *Erson* Warm:  
Thy Praise when utter'd by so fair a Muse  
Brings Youth once more, and drooping Wit renews,  
Seek no *Parnassus*, String no Foreign Lyre,  
Her Mein demands thy Strains, her Eyes inspire.

Upon a Mouse that was kill'd by a Bible  
thrown at her.

HAil happy Mouse! whom such a glorious Death  
Translated hence, depriv'd of Air and Breath;  
We, at thy envied Fortune, must Repine,  
Because the Stroke that kill'd thee, was Divine;  
It was the Word of Heaven thy Soul releas'd  
By th' Dispensation of a Mortal Fift,  
Strange Fate indeed! (for here thy Fate began)  
That that should kill a Mouse, which saves a Man;  
But we'll not grieve—If, after Death, there be,  
A happy Place for Mice, it is for thee;  
For thee, who living, didst the Gods adore,  
And to thy Grave thy Testimony bore,  
That Martyr sure no Happiness can lack,  
Who died with Law and Gospel at his Back;

Farewel,



Farewel, we cannot wish thee here again,  
To suffer what we feel, both Fear and Pain,  
Fear while the Owls and Cats in Ambush lye,  
And Pain, when caught, and tortur'd e're we dye;  
Farewel, for thou, a happier State, dost know,  
Where all the choicest Cats in common grow,  
Where neither Foes nor Danger can invade,  
But Peace and Plenty crown your quiet Shade.

*The Ox——d Belles.*

Since you, my Friend, so much desire to know  
The Bells that in the Muses Garden grow;  
Look in my Verse, and as along they pass,  
Behold their Failures in a faithful Glass.  
First then, we all confess *Florella* Fair;  
How black her Eyes, how beautiful her Hair!  
But ah! with half her Teeth she wants an Air. }  
*Corinna's* Face has much of Sweetness in't, }  
But sure her Eyes can ne're the God Imprint }  
For when she tries to languish 'em, they Squint. }  
How well *Irene* at distance does appear!  
And yet how Haggard, and how Rough, when near!  
*Climenes* noisy Mirth will never do,  
At once short Wasted, and short Sighted too,  
Unweildy Waddles, with her manly Mein,  
And fancies she's extreamly like the Q——,  
Of our neglect *Camilla* does complain,  
And Patches, Powders, Paints, and Pad's in vain:  
Of new Intrigues does justly now Despair,  
And quite leaves off her Stays, and Morning Prayer.  
The Plump *Panthea* weighs Six thousand Pound,  
Of which her Breasts are half a hundred found,  
In vain at Wit, the wanton Creature tries,  
And Talks away the Triumph of her Eyes.  
How Taudry *Stella* sweeps the Gazing Green, }  
A Nymph so Tall and Young, is seldom seen, }  
She's just full Seventeen Hands, and comes Sixteen. }  
Mistaking *Mira* still will Scarlet wear, }  
And nicely suits the Ribband to her Hair; }  
So bright a Blaze no Mortal Man can bear! }  
*Evadne's* am'rous Eyes would move Desire, }  
Did she not shew the Whites too much at Quire; }  
While Easy *Flora* Laughs, and Talks, and Stares, }  
And notice takes of all things but the Prayers. }  
*Sabina* says a thousand pretty Things, }  
Which we forget with Pity when she Sings. }  
*Victoria's* Voice would touch each tender Youth, }  
Could you but Sow up half the Syrens Mouth. }  
First, in the Fashion, *Millemant* appears; }  
First in the Fashion, but the last in Years; }  
Long since, beheld, her fading Beauties Noon, }  
Left off by All, and ev'n below Lampoon. }

*On a first Fit of the Gout.*

Welcome, thou friendly Earnest of Fourscore, }  
Promise of Health, that hast alone the Pow'r }  
To attend the Rich, unev'y'd by the Poor. }  
Thou that dost *Aesculapius* deride,  
And o're his Gally-pots in Triumph ride!  
Thou that art us'd to attend the Royal Throne,  
And under-prop the Head that wears the Crown!  
Thou that in Privy-Council oft dost wait,  
And guard from drowsy Sleep the Eyes of State!  
Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,  
And warnst the Judges how they tread awry!  
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd Prelate's Toe,  
Emphatically urge the Pains below!

Thou that art always half the City's Grace,  
And add'st to solemn Noddle, solemn Pace!  
Thou that art ne're from Velvet-Slipper free,  
Whence comes this unsought Honour unto me!  
Whence does this mighty Condescension flow,  
To visit my poor Tabernacle?——Oh!  
As *Jove* vouchsaf'd on *Ida's* Top, 'tis said,  
At poor *Phileman's* Cot to take a Bed,  
Pleas'd with his poor, but hospitable Feast,  
*Jove* bid him ask, and granted his Request:  
So do *Thou* grant (for thou'rt Race Divine,  
Begot on *Venus* by the God of Wine)  
My humble Suit; or either give me Store  
To entertain thee, or ne're see me more.

*From Horace, Ode 11th. Lib. 1.*

I.  
Inquire not of the Stars to know  
What they cannot reveal,  
Since *Jove* the Time the Fates allow  
Does prudently conceal.

II.  
Ne're ask how long thou hast to live,  
But live the Time thou hast:  
Whether *Jove* grant a long Reprive,  
Or make this Hour thy last.

III.  
Let Love and Wine divide thy Hours,  
Which swiftly Glide away.  
Use well your Time, while yet 'tis yours,  
Nor Tick with Heav'n a Day.

*A RIDDLE.*

Though born I was of Flesh and Blood; }  
many more things are; }  
Yet neither Flesh nor Blood in me did ever yet }  
appear. }  
When I was taken from the Place where I was }  
Born and Bred; }  
To please my cruel Master's Mind, a Knife cut }  
off my Head. }  
Black Poyson I was forc'd to drink, which made }  
me soon grow mad; }  
I made sworn Brothers deadly Foes, I made true }  
Lovers glad; }  
I made the Subject kill his King, and Ties of }  
Duty fail, }  
I made the L—ds and C——ns jar, and Convo- }  
cations rail. }  
Such things I have already done, and more I shall }  
do still. }  
Yet can do nothing of my self, but all against my }  
Will. }

*The Dove. By J. S.*

JUST as the Morn began the Dawn,  
When Shades of Night were scarce withdrawn,  
A Dove to *Strephon's* Window flew,  
Repeating there his mournful Coo;  
Whose Accents tender as her Love,  
The list'ning Swain to softness move;  
Each Sigh the Widow'd Turtle vents,  
Is Love's most powerful Eloquence.



If her Mate's Absence claims such Grief,  
 "What Blessings must the Presence give?  
 "What Joys, what Raptures, then are found,  
 "In happy Lover's Wishes crown'd?  
 Thus *Strephon* thought; and as he thought,  
 A not unpleasing Change it wrought:  
 His Mind was soft'ned with Desire,  
 He felt a kind unusual Fire;  
 He Loves, but whom, he knows not yet,  
 The next fair Nymph that shall be met.  
 Fly gentle Bird, fly to thy Queen,  
 Tell her what Servant thou hast been;  
 Bid *Cupid* lay his Arrows by,  
 And in his Mothers Bosom lye:  
 Thou with more ease canst soften Hearts,  
 Without the help of pointed Darts,  
 Without the sharper pointed Eye,  
 Or every Grace it e're can spy.  
 For thou hast chang'd Love's Portal here,  
 And made it enter at the Ear.

## A S O N G.

Give me those Eyes, give me those Charms,  
 That govern'd are by Art;  
 That can our *Beaux* subdue in Swarms,  
 Though Beauty has no Part.

Since each affected Glance can move,  
 Bright Nature we'll despise:  
 What need of Merit, or of Love,  
 To make a Fop your Prize?

We live in such a wretched Age,  
 What can our Passions move?  
 Cowards and Boys in Fewds engage,  
 And awkward Fools make Love.

## Upon a Lady.

*Impubes valido nupsi, nunc firmior Annis  
 Ex succo & tremulo sum soriata Viro  
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic etate, Valentem  
 In aliam tota nocte jacere sui.  
 Dum nollem limit, sed dum volo non licet uti  
 O Hymen! aut Annos, aut mihi redde Virum.*

When I was very young, I married One  
 With youth and vigour blest, but now I'm  
 [older grown.  
 When every Pulse beats quick the flowing streams  
 Of wanton Blood that sparkles in my Veins,  
 I'm noos'd in that indissoluble Tye  
 To trembling impotent Antiquity:  
 The first my tender Years fatigu'd and tir'd,  
 And gave Benevolence, when ne're desir'd;  
 But this——  
 Lies like a Log, and has not power to move,  
 Or once to let me taste of Ballmy Love;  
 When I e're valu'd it, I then was cloy'd,  
 But now I ask the Bliss, curs'd fate! it is deny'd!  
 Oh! *Hymen, Hymen!* Thee I must implore,  
 Make me a foolish Child again, or now the Man  
 [restore.

## EPIGRAMS.

*Lingua potentior Armis.*

*Juno tonat Linguâ, dum fulmine Jupiter instat  
 Concutit ille Polos, sed quatit Jovem. illa*

Translated

When *Jove* and *Juno* can't agree  
 About Cælestial Sovereignty,  
 His Thunder shakes the Orbs above,  
 But her damn'd Tongue shakes the thundring *Jove*.

## To the Physicians upon a Dissection.

*N*erexate Cures, non deemunt Corpora Cultris  
 Pharmaca qui Surit vestra, Cadaver erit,

Translated

Trouble not your selves, ye Butchering Fools,  
 Our Bodies want not your dissecting Tools.  
 For he that takes your Drugs, and poisonous Stuff,  
 I'll swear will be Anatomiz'd enough.

On the Death of Silvia's Squirrel,  
By Mr. J. B.

Poor Pug! what pitty 'tis, that fate,  
 Should give thy Life no longer date,  
 When all the Joys that cou'd accrew  
 To harmless Creature met in you;  
 Happy in a pretty Seat,  
 Large enough, tho' not so great  
 As many are——  
 Adorn'd with all the Rarities,  
 Befitting such an Edifice;  
 A Chain about thee thou didst wear,  
 Which to another might appear  
 A strict Confinement, but to thee  
 It was the greatest Liberty;  
 For, being tame, thy nimble Feet  
 Desir'd no farther bounds than that;  
 Plenty of Food, of every thing  
 That might to thee Contentment bring;  
 But that which rais'd thy Bliss so high,  
 Was charming *Silvia's* Company;  
 That was thy chiefest Happiness,  
 The Centre of thy circling Joys;  
 For thou would'st often come and stand,  
 And gently take from her fair Hand,  
 Thy daily Food of Nutts, whilst she  
 Would charm thee into Extasie  
 With pretty Talk, 'tis probable,  
 That what she meant thou cou'dst not tell;  
 But, certain 'tis, the sweetest sound,  
 And charming Accents made thee bound,  
 And frisk about her to reveal  
 Raptures to mighty to conceal  
 Unhappy Pug;——  
 Such was thy Mistress, such thy state,  
 To be admir'd and envy'd at;

But



But now no more, no more shall she  
Bestow her words, and smiles on thee:  
No more shall her fair Hands be laid,  
To grant such Favours to the Dead;  
In vain the Nymph in Sighs appears,  
In vain distilling Cristal Tears  
For thy unhappy Fate; in vain  
Of cruel Destiny complain;  
In vain alas! does *Silvia* mourn,  
For thou canst never more return.

### *The Turtle, an Elegy.*

IF Brutes, as Learned Bards of late would prove,  
Are only Engines, and like Clock-work move,  
Say, how my dearest Bird, my charming Dove,  
Knows that destructive Ill, has Sence to Love?  
For what's her cooing on my panting Breast,  
But the sad Story of her Love distressed,  
Soft trembling Murmurs, fond Desire declare,  
And mournful sounds her Jealousy and Fear.  
Say then, ye Sages, by what secret Springs,  
Matter and Motion act such wondrous Things?  
Whence do they draw this high Prerogative,  
Enjoy that courted Privilege, to live,  
Unless the Souls that croud the spacious Air,  
By Heav'n's decree be transmigrated there.  
Blest Innocence! kind melancholick Dove!  
Thou sweet Companion in unhappy Love!  
Some Spirit all divine, my dearest Bird,  
Surely to thee, its Emblem was transferr'd;  
And some kind Being that presides above  
Sent thee to ease, revive, and kindle Love.  
Pity my Suffering then, and bear apart  
In the just anguish of a faithful Heart.  
Swift as my Wishes to *Osiris* fly,  
While in his Absence ev'ry hour I dye.  
In moving Accents all my Grief express,  
Grief which, I fear, will soon be past redress.  
As Beams of Light united fiercer prove,  
Absence contracts Desires, and makes us burn in  
Love.  
When some ill turn of unrelenting Fate  
Robs thee of all thy Bliss, thy loving Mate,  
In grieving Notes the fatal Change you tell,  
And list'ning Swains commiserate your Ill.  
Hast then, and such expressive Sounds repeat,  
To move *Osiris* to an equal Heat,  
And, wing'd with am'rous Speed, he'll fly to  
mend my Fate.

### *The Beggar and Highway-men.*

ONE Morning very early, there was a Couple  
of well-rigg'd Thieves, just a going from  
their Inn a Hunting upon the King's High-way,  
a careful Beggar was watching at the Door for an  
Alms; and as they pass'd by, Dear Master, says  
the Beggar, for Heavens sake, give me a Farthing?  
Quoth one of the Thieves to the other, What a Son  
of a Bitch that old Dog is, to beg for Heaven's  
fake of a Couple of Highway-men? The poor Beg-  
gar went on, Oh, good Masters! pray God pros-  
per whatever you go about Night or Day. Damn  
him, says the Thief, the Dog prays for our Pros-  
perity; however, lets give him Six pence.

*Common Thieves, as well as Men of Justice, call  
Success a Blessing.*

### *The Sixteenth Fable of the Fifth Book of Phædras Paraphras'd.*

LONG had a Ship in dreadful Storms been tost;  
At length the Pilot gave her o're for lost.  
And the sad Passengers with hideous Cries,  
Confess'd prevailing Fears, and rent the Skies:  
Nothing was seen but Horror, Dread, and Fear,  
And Death in all its Terrors did appear;  
But the rough Tempest on a sudden ceas'd,  
And the Sea's raging Fury was appeas'd.  
Bright *Phæbus* shone, and with a chearful Ray,  
Dispers'd the Clouds, and brought again the Day.  
The Ship pursu'd her Course with prosperous  
Gales,  
And calmer Winds swell'd her expanded Sails.  
The Passengers seeing the Danger o're,  
Rejoyc'd as much as they had griev'd before;  
But the grave Pilot, wiser than the rest,  
Thus to the joyful Crew himself express'd:  
"Friends, to your Passions never thus give way;  
"But over them bear a commanding Sway,  
"In Joy as well as Grief avoid Excess.  
"And strive an even Temper to possess;  
"For Human Life with Joy and Grief is mixt,  
"Every thing changes, nothing here is fixt.

### *The MORAL.*

*If Fortune Smiles, be not too vain, but fear;  
If Fortune Frowns, hope still, and don't despair.*

### *On Cælia quenching her Thirst at a Rivolet.*

FAIR *Cælia* passing through a verdant Mead,  
To cool her Thirst was to a Riv'let stray'd:  
Where she perceiv'd the lazy Stream had lost  
Its Course, condens'd to Chrystal by the Frost;  
Which had perhaps enamour'd at her Sight,  
Begg'd of *December* Chains to stop its Flight;  
But the kind *Sun* did with his warmer Beams,  
Dissolve the Ice into its Native Streams:  
And th'angry little Brook, deny'd by stay,  
Was enjoy'd flying, wept, and went away.

### *Coyness Punish'd.*

BY various artful Methods once I strove,  
To bless my self with fair *Belinda's* Love:  
I Wrote, Brib'd, Sigh'd and Swore, the Nymph  
to gain;  
Billets, Bribes, Sighs, and Oaths, were all in vain!  
For, ah! the Charmer being Coy as Fair,  
Laugh'd at my Pains, and drove me to Despair.  
Then I grew hopeless of a kind Return,  
*Belinda* ceas'd to please, my Flame to burn.  
Since that Indifference, the changing Fair  
With am'rous Glances would my Soul ensnare;  
With Glances mixes Sighs, to Sighs joyns Tears,  
To Tears adds Presents, and to Presents Pray'rs;  
A thousand Arts she tries, a thousand Charms,  
To bring, whom once she hated, to her Arms.  
But now in vain the fickle Beauty sues  
To me for Love, which once she did refuse.  
Thus tot'ring Kingdom's Help in vain Implore  
From those, to whom they Help deny'd before.

C

M A R-



## MARTIAL.

*H*ostem cum fugeret se Fannius ipse peremit,  
Dic mihi non furor est ne moriari mori.

Imitated on the French.

**C**ertain of Fate, yet doubtful which to choose,  
Before are Waves, behind pursuing Foes;  
Thus loath to dye, yet still more loath to yield,  
They drown themselves for fear of being kill'd.  
So whilst the Hart the Chafing Hounds would  
shun,  
Into the hungry Lyon's Den he ran.

## In Saltation Herodiadis.

*I*nter tot patinas allam Rex Improbe poseis  
Quantum erat hanc epulis non & adesse tuis  
Quod te non puduit fecisse Tyranne, securis  
Erubis tanti tincta cruore Viri  
Poenitet ab Jurasse, fides quin tuta neganti  
Esset, nam regno plus rogat illa tuo  
In saltu potuit quæ tam Levis Esse puellam  
In vobis adeo quis putet Esse gravem?

Translated.

**A**Mong so many Dishes, such a Feast,  
Herod, this one you might have spar'd at least.  
What thou didst, not the reeking Ax blush'd for,  
Stain'd with so great a Sin, as Holy Gore.  
Yet you repented of your Oath, when e're  
You heard the vast Importance of her Pray'r.  
Had you refus'd, your Faith had yet been whole;  
Yet promis'd half, but she ask'd more than all.  
'Tis strange that her Requests, who was so light  
In Dancing, should be of so great a weight.

## The Grove. By Mr. John Paige.

**H**ail! kindest Refuge for my Love distressed,  
Grove, with the Nymphs and Graces Pre-  
sence blest.  
Where I with Pleasure can indulge Despair,  
Augment my Love, and feed the darling Care.  
My Love; which through thy whole Extent  
appears,  
While ev'ry Tree the Mystick Cypher bears:  
My Love, which all the list'ning Birds around  
Have learn'd to mourn, and know the frequent  
Sound.  
When num'rous Sighs from my heav'd Breast did  
rise;  
Thy murm'ring Trees reply'd in Sympathetick  
Sighs,  
And when my raging Grief for Tears did call,  
Fast as my Tears their pitying Leaves would fall.

But sure thy silent Shades were made to prove  
The kinder Scenes of more successful Love;  
Hence my Despair, and for a while Retreat,  
In Thoughts at least, I'll Triumph o're my Fate.  
See where she comes with all her Charms display'd,  
By kind Appointment to a lonely Shade.

Her Looks serene, her Coyness laid aside,  
As soft, as languid, as a Longing Bride,  
Loose and undress'd, and only fit to play,  
And warm my Soul, impatient of delay.  
Then bold in Thought her Image I embrace,  
Gaze on her Charms, and kiss her Visionary  
Face.

But nobler Joys my willing Soul employ,  
Entranc'd in fanci'd Bliss, which doth it self de-  
stroy.

Thus Lovers pleasingly themselves delude,  
And feed their Fancies with imagin'd good;  
But, undeceiv'd, the Wretches sadly know,  
They only dream'd of Joys, but feel substantial  
Woe.

## To Sleep. By Mr. A.

**S**oft Charmer of our Cares, whose kind Relief  
Gives us, each Night, a Respite from our  
Grief;  
Thou bring'st the poor Man Wealth, the tortur'd  
Rest,  
And mak'st the Wretched equal with the Blest:  
By thee, far distant Friends are brought to view,  
And Love, by Absence long impair'd, renew.

Since banish'd from my dear *Jacinta's* Sight,  
I live condemn'd to see the hateful Light,  
Pity my Woes, and when thy next surprize  
Stops the impetuous Torrents of my Eyes,  
In her bright Form, to ease my Mind appear,  
The noblest Figure thou canst chuse to bear:  
Stamp seeming Marks of Sorrow in her Face,  
Just not enough to wrong its Native Grace,  
Let the cold Earth appear her only Bed,  
Her Arm the sole Supporter of her Head,  
Let a sad Show'r from her fair Eyes descend,  
While Sighs for Vent in her swollen Breast contend:  
Then let her in a mournful Accent say;  
To thee, *Menalcas*, I this Tribute pay,  
But let no real Grief disturb her Rest,  
While with the pleasing Vision I am blest.  
And least the Joy should be too quickly past,  
Renew the Dream each Night, or make this Sleep  
my last.

## A decay'd Merchant, and a fat Dray-man.

**T**here was an honest Merchant that met with  
great Misfortunes, insomuch, that he was  
forc'd to lean upon the World for his Support:  
He was once a passing where a Dray and Horse  
stood cross the Street: As he was stooping, the  
Horse bit him by the Shoulder. The Merchant  
return'd the Compliment with his Cane. What's  
that for, ye Dog, says the Dray-man? Is it come to  
that, says the poor Gentleman? Sure, Friend, you  
cannot forget your former good Master; but, how-  
ever, I still think my self better than thy Horse:  
You lye, crys the ungrateful Fellow, my Horse is  
worth Ten Pounds, and you are not worth a  
Groat.

## MORAL.

Where the Devil can fix Ingratitude, he's certain of  
a Subject.

A Dialogue



*A Dialogue between Cloris and Flora.*

**C**LORIS and *Flora* walking spy'd  
 Young *Strepson* by a Fountain side.  
 Fast a Sleep that *Cloris* said,  
 O! what a lovely Youth lies Dead?  
 Death's gashly Hand, *Flora* reply'd,  
 Ne're Cheeks with such *Vermillion* dy'd.  
 'Tis but the Image, out of doubt,  
 Of Death with too much Life set out.  
 Quoth *Cloris*, let's decide the Strife,  
 And call him with a Song to Life.  
 Take heed, said *Flora*, let us fly,  
 For if he comes to Life we Dye.  
 If Eyes, when clos'd, can shoor such Darts;  
 Once open'd, Woe be to our Hearts.

*Upon the Opening the New Play-House in the Hay-Market.*

**A**POLLO summons all the Nine  
 In Honour of his Art,  
 Whilst Harmony and Beauty joyn  
 To Ravish ev'ry Heart.

Those meaner Joys which Men possess  
 Divinely we Controul;  
 Since they the Body only please,  
 But Musick Charms the Soul.

*To Mr. D. perswading him to go into the Army the ensuing Campaign. By Dorinda.*

**W**Hat is't thy Sloath! that poorly list'ning here  
 To Woniens idle Business, or thro' Fear;  
 When manly Honour summons thee away  
 For shame, an heartless Maid would Blush to stay.  
 Think Godlike *Churchill* sparkling now in Arms;  
 Carelessly Brave; Oh! the transcendent Charms.  
 When swift as Light'ning at the Foe he flew,  
 Death in the gashliest Forms unmov'd did view.  
 Sure, such a Chief might ev'ry Soul inspire,  
 And warm the coldest Youths with warlike Fire.

*A Song for St. Cæcilia's Day, Nov. 22. 1686. Written by Mr. Tho. Flatman: And Composed by Mr. Isaac Blackwell.*

## I.

**F**rom those pure, those blest Abodes,  
 Where none but Tuneful Spirits dwell,  
 Or Gods, or like to Gods,  
 That did on Earth in Harmony Excel,  
 Descend ye Powers on this Illustrious Day,  
 Devoted to the bright *Cæcilia*;  
 Inspire us how to Sing, and how to Play;  
 Transport us with Seraphick Fire,  
 While our Ambitious Voice we raise,  
 Full of Wonder, full of Praise,  
 And boldly touch the trembling Lyre.

## II.

Humble Song Advance! Arise!  
 Of Laurels, Palms, and Triumphs Sing,  
 Of Crowns that dazle mortal Eyes,  
 Crowns obtain'd by suffering,  
 Divine *Cæcilia* be thy lofty Theme;  
 Sing Her Immortal Diadem;  
 Sing aloud Her Heavenly Race,  
 The Raptures of Her Soul, and Glories of Her  
 And what we Sing aloud, (Face,  
 Let Eccho double from a beamy Cloud.

## III.

Think on *Cæcilia* you that be  
 Enamour'd of Angelick Symphony:  
 Think with a pious Rage,  
 On this our weary Pilgrimage;  
 This Vale of Tears, this heavy Load of Life,  
 And content to be as free,  
 And as easie as She,  
 Void of Sorrow, void of Strife:  
 Thus o're-whelm'd with Joy and Love,  
 You need not envy thole above.

## CHORUS.

Then while we are here, let us innocent be,  
 And as frolick as Musick can make us,  
 That when, we must waft o're this troublesome Sea,  
 And the Monarch of Terrors o'retake us,  
 We may practice Above, what we dote on beneath,  
 Loud Anthems of Life, in defiance of Death.

*On Mrs. Hare.*

**T**He Gods with Wit and Mirth, and Wine, pre-  
 pare.  
 In chearful Bowls to celebrate the Fair.  
 Each God's enjoyn'd to name his Favourite tost,  
 And *Hare*'s the Goddess that delights him most.  
*Phæbus* approves, and bids the Trumpets sound,  
 And *Bacchus* in a Bumper puts it round.

*Tost on the Dutcheffs of St. Albans.*

**T**He Loins off Vere so long renown'd in Arms,  
 Concludes with Lustre in *St. Albans* Charms.  
 Her conquering Eyes have made the Race compleat,  
 They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

*The Speech of the Famous Actor, Seniors Francisco Furioso Roddimondo Pinconello, lately Arrived from the Court of the Great Duke of Hottitotti Pottimoy.*

**G**reat *Jack a-Lent*, clad in a Robe of Air,  
 Threw Mountains higher than *Alcides* Beard.  
 Whilst *Pancrass* Church, arm'd with a *Samphier*  
 Began to reason of the Business thus, (Blade,  
 You squandring *Trolodites* of *Amsterdam*;  
 How long shall *Cerberus* a Tapster be?

What



What though stout *Ajax* lay with *Proserpine*,  
 Shall Men leave eating Powdred-Beef for that;  
 I see no Cause but Men may pick their Teeth,  
 Though *Brutus* with a Sword did kill himself.  
 Is *Shooter's Hill* turn'd to an Oyster-Pie,  
 Or may a May-Pole be a butter'd Place.  
 Then let St. *Katherine's* Sail to *Bridewell Court*,  
 And Chitterlings be worn for Statute Lace;  
 For if an Humble Bee should kill a Whale  
 With the Butt end of the *Antartick Pole*;  
 'Tis nothing to the Mark at which we aim:  
 For in the Commentaries of *Tower-Ditch*,  
 A fat Stew'd-Bawd hath been a Dish of State.  
 More might be said, but then more must be spoke,  
 The Weights fell down because the Jack rope broke.  
 And he that of this Speech doth make a doubt,  
 Let him sit down, and pick the Meaning out.

To the QUEEN. By Mr. Harcourt at  
 Christ-Church.

WHEN Haughty Monarchs their High State  
 expose,  
 And Majesty an Awful Greatness shews.  
 Their Subjects, Madam, with Amazement seiz'd,  
 Gaze at Your Pomp, rather surpriz'd than pleas'd.  
 But Your more gentle Influence imparts  
 Wonders at once, and Pleasure to our Hearts.  
 Where e're You come, Joy shines in every Face;  
 Such Native Goodness, such an Easy Grace,  
 Thro' all Your Realms diffusive Kindness pours,  
 That every *English* Heart's entirely Yours.  
 The Muses Sons with eager Transport view  
 Their long Desponding Hopes reviv'd in You,  
 The Muses Sons to Monarchs ever true.  
 These Happy Walls, by Royal Bounty plac'd,  
 Often with Royal Presence have been grac'd.  
 Here Kings to ease the Cares attend a Crown,  
 Preferr'd the Muses Laurel to their own.  
 And here you once enjoy'd a safe Retreat;  
 From Noise and Envy free; to this lov'd Seat,  
 To be a Guest, You then did condescend,  
 Which now, its happy Guardian, you defend.  
 Oxford, with Joy beholds the Royal Pair,  
 And finds her Muses are her Prince's Care.  
 May we presume to claim a nearer Tie,  
 They are Your Subject, we Your Family.  
 Accept the Duty then we doubly owe,  
 Who share Your Presence and Protection too.  
 So when Great Jove did in the Country Cell,  
 Of humble, Pious *Bamis* design to dwell.  
 The Bounteous God grac'd her Gifts Divine,  
 And where he found his Refuge, fix'd his Shrine.

To Mr. W—— of Oxford, upon his Ex-  
 cellent Copy of Verses in the Diverting-  
 Post, Numb. 20. on this Subject, The  
 Older the Better. By Mr. T. P.

THE Morning other Poets are,  
 Whose fainter Shadows scarce appear.  
 Their Beams but little can prevail,  
 Nor make the modest Flow'rs unveil.  
 Nothing the trodden Path above,  
 Their vulgar minded Muse doth move.  
 But when, Great Sir, your Rays they see,  
 The Noon day Heat of Poetry,

To you the *Rose* and *Marigold*,  
 Their choicest Beauties streight unfold.  
 E'en all the Flow'rs *Parnassus* bears,  
 Enliven'd by your candid Airs,  
 Yield you their Master, and proclaim  
 How great a Debt they owe your greater Name.  
 In lasting Colours you will Shine,  
 The next in Honour to the Nine:  
 And are, though nothing can you higher raise,  
 Above the reach of Envy, and of Praise.

Part of Merlin's Prophecies, Done out of  
 British into Latin, at the Request of  
 Owen Tudor, Grand-father to King  
 Henry VII. by the most Illustrious  
 E—— of S——, not like a Servile In-  
 terpreter, but a Prophetical Author,  
 now from the Latin into English.

BUT when the Second *Arthur's* Thread is spun,  
 And half the World shall think themselves un-  
 done.  
 And Fear has so of Hope and Heart bereft 'em,  
 As if no God, or Miracle, were left 'em.  
 Then shall a *Rose* (in Fame exceeding far,  
 The United *Rose* of *York* and *Lancaster*)  
 From the *Albanian* Thistle spread so high,  
 Her Virtue glads the Earth, her Glories reach the  
 Sky.  
 And as a round she her warm Influence throws;  
 So *Europe's* Hope, so *Europe's* Vigour grows:  
 Well pleas'd to find her Liberty remains,  
 Who long in Dreams had heard the Clank of  
 Chains.  
 Heaven's Darling, she the Insolent shall curb,  
 And bring the most Excentrick to their Orb.  
 Shall dart her Rays beyond the *Eastern* Snows,  
 And where the *West's* unbounded Ocean flows.  
 By Sea or Land like Nature's kindly call,  
 Her Voice is heard and understood by all.  
 Which to the farthest Climes her Mandate bears,  
 She speaks the utmost *Monte Zuma* hears.  
 What Spears from *Zugl*? What *Cuirassiers* from *Zell*?  
 What Fierce *Hussars* with their uplifted Steel.  
 (Not *Pallas* or *Bellona* from her Carr  
 Such Armies saw, and horrid Pomp of War)  
 In Throngs around her Banner cry amain  
 With loud Huzza's, Live Everlasting Anne!  
 The *Lyon* Ramps, as he new Paws had got,  
 The *Elephants* with mounted Castles trot.  
 The *Eagles* (whilst a feather'd Chorus sings)  
 Stoop from the *Alps* with Thunder on their Wings.  
 And every Bird, and every Pluming Crest,  
 With Golden *Lillies* now enrich their Nest.  
 As *Flower-de-Luces* that of late were held  
 The Garden's Pride and Glory of the Field;  
 That were so Gay, so arrogantly Tall,  
 The boasted Sovereign of this earthly Ball:  
 Decay'd and wither'd, now shrink in their Heads,  
 Viler than *Ouzer*, and more contemn'd than Weeds.

An Epilogue spoken by Will. Pinkethman,  
 when he acted the Part of Alexander.

AT length this furious Monster I have tam'd,  
 And Tragedy no more shall be that Bug-bear  
 nam'd.

Nay,



Nay, after times (do Envy what she can)  
Must own that *Alexander* now has ran  
Through *Goodman*, *Monfort*, *Powell*, *Hart*, and  
*Pinkethman*.  
And now I here Pronounce henceforth, that I  
No more will stoop to Servile Comedy:  
Farewell for ever, now, vile Middle Gallery:  
O! now, for ever,-----  
Farewel ye Laughter, stirring Jokes: Farewel Gri-  
mace,  
Farewel my Jests ill tim'd, and Sawcy face.  
Dear *Clinker*, *Drugger*, and the rest Adieu,  
Farewel my Stuff i th' *Island Princess* too.  
And O! you Noisy Scoundrels, whose rude  
Threats  
Th' Immortal Joves dread Clamour's Counterfeits.  
Farewel---*Pinkethman's* Occupation's gone,  
And *Pinkethman* has *Pinkethman* out-done.  
The Lust of Tragedy comes on a pace,  
Till now I knew not, what my Talent was.  
The very Thought a thousand Joys imparts,  
And thus Inspires mine Eyes to Melt the Ladies  
Hearts.  
O Forms Divine! For Mercy far renown'd;  
Let with Success my first Attempt be crown'd.  
And in return loud Fame shall say again,  
You made an *Angel* of a *Crooked Pin*.

*A Song on his Mistress, who Squints.*

I.  
FEW can avoid the common Ills  
Attending cruel Eyes,  
And fewer those when *Silvia* Kills,  
Or Ruins by Surprise.

II.  
The admiring Crowd approach the Fair,  
And do with Wonder gaze;  
And none suspect a Danger there,  
She looks so many ways.

III.  
Thus the fair Tyrant in disguise,  
Secures the headless Swain;  
And when he's dazzled by her Eyes,  
Unknown puts on her Chain.

IV.  
So *Porcupins* from ev'ry part,  
Their Arrows do let fly;  
Whilst we regardless of the Dart,  
Are Wounded by it, and Dye.

*The Happy Man's State.*

HOW pleasant is this Flowry Plain and Grove,  
What perfect Scenes of Innocence and Love:  
As if the Gods, when all things here below,  
Reserv'd this Place, to let us know  
How beautiful the World at first was made,  
E're Mankind by Ambition was betray'd.  
The Happy Swain in these enamel'd Fields,  
Possesses all the Good that Plenty yields.

Pure without Mixture, as it first did come,  
From the Great Treasury of Nature's Womb:  
Free from Disturbances here he Lives at ease:  
Contented with a little Flock increase,  
And cover'd with the gentle Wings of Peace.  
No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts molest,  
Ambition is a Stranger to his Breast.  
His Sheep, his Crook and Pipe, are all his Store,  
He needs not, neither does he covet more.  
Oft to the Silent Groves he does Retreat,  
Whose Shades defend him from the Scorching Heat.  
In these Recesses unconcern'd he Lies,  
Whilst through the Boughs the Whisp'ring Ze-  
phire flies.  
And the Wood Choristers on ev'ry Tree,  
Lull him asleep with their sweet Harmony.  
Ah, happy Life! Ah, blest Retreat!  
Void of the Troubles that attend the Great.  
From Pride and courtly Follies free,  
From all their gaudy Poms and Vanity.  
No guilty Remorse does their Pleasure annoy,  
Nor disturb the Delights of their Innocent Joy.  
Crown'd Monarchs whom Cities and Kingdoms  
Obey;  
Are not half so contented, or happy, as they.

*Agrostick on Sir Thomas Dilkes, Admi-  
ral of*

THIS Enterprize thy future Glories shows  
How fatal thou shalt prove to *England's* Foes.  
On all thy Actions such Success does wait;  
Monfieur, may dread thee as approaching Fate.  
At *Granville* now they've felt thy conqu'ring Hand  
Striking Amazement in their Native Land.

DIstractedly from thee, the *Gauls* do run,  
In dang'rous Sands their Destiny to shun.  
Like Men condemn'd they view thee from afar,  
Knowing their Ruin nigh if thou art there.  
Ever may thou in Victory go on;  
Still Conquer, as at *Concall*, thou hast done.

*The Happy Retirement.*

I.  
CLimb at Court for me, that will,  
Tott'ring Favour Pinacle;  
All I seek is to lie still.

II.  
Settled in some secret Nest;  
In calm Quiet take my Rest;  
And far from the Publick Stage,  
Pass away my Silent Age.

III.  
Thus, when without Noise unknown,  
I have out-liv'd all my Span;  
I shall Dye without a Groan,  
And an old honest Country-man.

IV.  
Who's expos'd to other's Eyes;  
Into his own Heart ne're spies:  
Death's to him a strange Surprise.



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ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

Court, City, and Country.

To be continued MONTHLY.

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For FEBRUARY, 1706.

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# The Diverting Post.

*For the Entertainment of the  
Gentry of Oxford.*

*A farther Explanation of the Oxford  
Almanack, occasioned by its being laid  
before the L—ds.*

**A**S Man in *Westminster*, to each that comes,  
Expounds upon his Constant Text, the  
(Tombs,  
Crys there a Duke, and there a Lord was laid,  
And tells a long long Story of the Dead;  
So I'll explain what all these Figures mean,  
As if I'd *Burgbers*, or th' *Inventer* been.  
Lo! That's *Britannia* coming to assist us,  
Sir *Cotterell*'d in by *Hermes Trismegistus*; (vent,  
See how he points to'th Oak with Zeal most fer-  
And seems to say he's its *Tres humble* Servant.  
That other Tree, our Oak does yet surmount,  
Is Sauce for those who call the *Cut* t'account:  
That Scrowl that's near the *Falces*, and the Axes,  
The worst of all Memorials shews, the Taxes:  
That Figure there between two Chafing-dishes,  
Some say a Man, and others it a Fish is:  
The *Quarist* needs will have him *Neptune* meant,  
Quite chill'd with Cold, and out of's Element,  
Kens to a Hair what *Hieroglyphicks* mean,  
And intimately known, was to *Poussin*.  
That River God, all of you ought to love well,  
Left you shou'd doubt Sir *Clowly*, see the Shovel;  
The Cock and Dog, at Play have lately been, }  
Fifty to one the twirl'd tail'd Cur does win, }  
Who but *Myn Heer*, has all this War thrown in? }  
That Head, that looks in Hand so like St. *Dennis*,  
Some say sixteen, some Threescore Year and ten is;  
While Waggs that wou'd be witty in their Ale,  
Cry Z—ds, upon that Head, there hangs a Tail.  
But where to find the Figure out I trow, }  
That does the Church in so much Danger shew }  
Their L—d—ps, only and the L—d does know. }

*New-Market Congratulation, to Her  
most Sacred Majesty QUEEN ANN,  
on her taking a Journey thither, 1705.*

**A**S Rome's great Monarchs after War's Success,  
Triumph'd in all the Riches of a Peace,  
Left for a while the Camp and noisy Town,  
Tir'd with the various Follies there are done;

For Ease the Country sought, where most we find  
Health to the Body, Quiet to the Mind;  
Where from the Stain of Vice we most are free,  
And peacefully enjoy Security.  
So *Albion's QUEEN*, her War and Councils o'er,  
(Both which submit to *ANNA's* lawful Pow'r)  
Does to the Country with her Train resort,  
And all the shining Beauties of Her Court.  
Thus with her Maids, appear'd the *Cyprian Queen*  
Soft was her Air, Majestick was her Mien,  
Serene and charming was her *Beauteous Face*  
And where she came, she Plenty brought and Peace,  
Whene'er she spoke, what Crowds were there to

(hear?  
And Blessings she confer'd they scarce could bear.  
Like *Sol's* diffusive Rays, that shine so bright,  
Th'oppress the Eyes, with too refulgent Light.  
Forgive then *ANNA*, what we must confess,  
These than your Glorious Presence are much less;  
Greater in all your Actions you appear,  
Which crown the Annals of each joyful Year,  
And fill our Souls with Wonder and Surprise,  
When two *Eliza's* from one *ANNA* rise:  
*ANNA!* whose Arms and Councils Heav'n does bless  
With all the Glorious Trophies of Success.  
Her *Churchill* can the tott'ring State restore,  
For more than Man, he has the Gods in Pow'r.  
Where-e'er he comes he makes a Glorious Scene,  
Frightful to *Lewis*, welcome to his *QUEEN*.  
Proud *Lewis* envies his great Share of Fame,  
And starts at the Rehearsal of his Name;  
Remembring *Bleinheim* he cannot sustain,  
The Loss, but is o'recome with an Excess of Pain:  
His anxious Mind revolves it o're and o're,  
The more he thinks, the more he does deplore;  
And grieves that any Force in *Albion's Crown*  
Should pull his tow'ring Flower de Lucas down.

Forgive Bright *Queen*, if we in humble Song,  
Which flows from a sincere and grateful Tongue,  
Repeat the Joys that Poets have express'd  
In Strains most lofty, and in Words the best:  
Forgive our Transport, since we see you here,  
And glad the Spring, and thus advance the Year.  
O may our Air, to Health your Prince restore;  
For Heav'n and that has only in its Pow'r  
To make the best of *QUEENS* and *PRINCES* live,  
And can true Health, the best of Blessings, give.  
O may you long enjoy the *British Crown*,  
Free from proud *Lewis* Scourge and *Gallia's Frown*;  
This Life when o'er, may Heav'n your Labours  
(bless  
With the sincerest Joys of Everlasting Peace.



## The Resolution.

1.

**SINCE** the Nymph is so Cruel to debar my  
(Repose,  
To Slight my Devotion and Smile at my Woes,  
Hence-forth at her Shrine,  
No longer I'll whine,  
But endeavour to wash out her Image in Wine.

2.

Proud Beauty adieu now your Anger I'll slight,  
And abroad seek the Rest you so long have deny'd;  
With Claret and Ease,  
Will I pass all my Days;  
And hence-forth have no Mrs. but Bottle and Glass.

### On a Scolding Wife.

That *indefatigable* Plague, a Wife,  
Damp ev'n Jove's Pleasures with perpetual Strife.  
Th' eternall Clack incessant Volleys pours,  
And louder, than her Husband's Thunder, roars.  
How then can Man, weak Man, that Curse sustain,  
Which makes Jove wretched, and ev'n Heaven a

(Pain?  
He once on *Crete* his *Nurse* this gift bestow'd,  
No hurtful Creature there should make Abroad.  
Since he created Man's imperious Slave,  
In vain the fruitless Boon the *Thund'rer* gave.

### Upon Blenheim-House.

By a Young Noble-Man.

**AS** *Tryphon* in an Evening walk'd abroad,  
He met his Friend *Talmenes* on the Road;  
View well, said he, those glittering Spires, and see  
A Monument, that always fam'd will be,  
Which Fire, nor Sword, nor Faction shall annoy,  
Nor Conquering Time it self, nor Fate destroy.  
Not *Grecian* Tow'rs, nor soft *Persepolis*,  
In all their Glories have exceeded This;  
The stately *Pyramids* of *Egypt* yield  
To this rich Purchase of *Bellona's* Shield;  
Ev'n proud *Versailles* quits her Magnificence,  
And sighing bends to Us with Reverence.  
This is the Place the Household-Gods admire,  
For its fine Seat, and most deserving Sire;  
Here only you may say, Who does disdain  
These Walls, brings to himself the greatest Pain.  
If Jove again on Earth were to descend,  
His Course to this Lov'd Palace he would bend.  
The Name of *Blenheim* gives it more Renown,  
Than *Phidias's* Art could do, or *Parian* Stone.  
Tho' *Churchill* long his flying Foes had fought,  
At length from *Blenheim* he those Lawrels brought,  
Which *England* did from *France's* Yoke release,  
And gave to *Europe* certain Hopes of Peace.  
For which thy Praise, great General, shall  
(remain,  
Whilst *Atlas's* Shoulders do the World sustain,  
And whilst the thirsty Earth receives refreshing  
(Rain.

He Spoke—  
When lo! a long Procession by them pass'd

( 2 )  
Of Heroes, fighting Kings, and Gods deceas'd;  
Who thither came from Silent Shades of Rest,  
*Elysian* Fields, and Mansions of the Blest,  
With an unanimous Intent to crown,  
This Heroe with a *Chaplet* of their own:  
And all the while the Trumpet's echoing Voice,  
To every General's Blessing gave Applause;  
And *Mars* suspended with exactest Care,  
The richest Trophies of the *Gallick* War.  
Then at a Sign all fell on-bended Knees,  
While *Philip's* Son extoll'd his Victories,  
Presenting him a Palm, in words like these. }  
Thou, whose deep Wisdom, and whose Warlike  
( Fire

Soldiers must envy, and all States admire,  
Whom *Thracian* Musick and the Muse's Song,  
So loudly celebrate on every Tongue;  
Accept this Homage, which we freely pay,  
In Memory of thy Propitious Day.  
By me rude *Barbarous* Nations were enslav'd;  
By thee three Christian Countries have been sav'd.  
Go on, brave Prince! thy next Success shall be,  
To vanquish *Caesar*, and to rival Me.

### To the Author of Blenheim-House.

**B**Rave Youth with *Churchill* keep an equal Pace,  
And as he crops fresh Laurels, crop fresh Bays.  
Then *Caesar* and young *Ammon* will submit,  
And lay their Trophies at thy Hero's Feet;  
Their unrecorded Mem'ries time will wrong,  
But *Churchill* lives immortal in thy Song.  
They cannot such united force sustain,  
The Conquest of the Sword and of the Pen;  
For in thy verse he wins his Battles o'er again. }

As rising *Phabus* with an infant Ray,  
Portends the Glories of the coming Day;  
So this brave Youth in early Lines doth show,  
What to his riper Years the World will owe:  
For if his unsledg'd Muse can dare such Heights  
How vast, how lofty will be future Flights?

Spoken *ex tempore* at sight of the foregoing  
Poem.

### On a Lady teaching me to Write in Characters.

**B**elinda sighs for *Strepson*, and would show it  
By writing thus, that none but he may know it:  
So whilst in Characters she tells her Mind,  
Love makes not him or Her, but others, blind.

### On Mrs. Digby's coming to Town.

**H**ence London Dames into the Country run,  
Fly like the Mists before the Rising-Sun;

Digby



*Digby* appears, bright as a Blazing-Star,  
 Commands Respect and Worship from afar:  
 Poor *Hyde* and *Spencer* neglected lie, (nigh.  
 Like Winter-Leaves, when blooming Spring draws  
*Essex* like some Fair Hostess now is seen,  
*Dutch* Dogger like, fit only to careen;  
 Her Hogen Beauty and her Spouse's Wit,  
 Like two just Tallies, do each other fit;  
 Many such Qualities should blended be,  
 To make that thing call'd Man and Wife agree.  
 Stale *Manchester* no Beauty does afford,  
 And *Gifford* now has left her to her Lord;  
 To which let all good People cry Amen,  
 For now the Man has got his *Mare* again.  
 Mount *Hermon* with a Lewd Lascivious Face,  
 To *Digby's* Conquering Beauty yields the place,  
 Or *And* at Dice and Cards may spend her Days,  
 And let her never more be seen at Plays;  
 Poor young St. *Albans* hides her simple Head,  
 Old R——nd pale, with Envy keeps her Bed,  
 Proud sullen *Carleyle* will no more appear,  
 But in the Country lives throughout the Year.  
 Br——ll no longer of her Charms can boast,  
 But to the Country runs like a discarded Toast;  
 There let her languish in her Husband's Arms,  
 A dirty Fox-hunter, insensible of Charms;  
 Garth shall no more of *Bolton's* Conquests sing,  
 A blowzy Lafs, not worth the mentioning:  
 Ah! lovely *Collier*, I lament thy Fate,  
 Beauty like yours should have a longer Date;  
 But 'twill not be, for *Digby* is in Town,  
 And where she is no other Beauty's known;  
 Ev'n *Colley* with his dim wrinkled Eyes,  
 A Perfect Beauty in her Person spies,  
 The Men admire, and Women curse her Charms.  
 And School Boy B——t clasps her in his Arms.

### ANSWER.

Who'ere thou art, that durst with lying Lays,  
 Prophane the Sex to welcome *Digby's* Rays;  
 Leave off, nor mingle Scandal with Renown,  
 Ill-manner'd Praise offends the Well-bred Town.  
 She reigns, 'tis true, with a distinguish'd Grace,  
 And Heavenly Beauty sparkles in her Face;  
 But Beauty's Sphere is like the milky Way,  
 Fram'd of unnumber'd Lights and full of Day.  
 Mount *Hermon* hath a lasting Right to shine,  
 Beauty's Immortal in a conquering Line;  
 And sure no Stain her Vertue can invade,  
 That in strict Duty lives a marry'd Maid;  
 Joys and Surprise attend where *Spencer's* seen,  
 Oh lovely Aspect, Oh Commanding Mien:  
 All that can please, in charming *Bolton's* found,  
 How dare thy sawcy Rhimes a *Venus* wound?  
 Not Sickness self, upon her Form could gain,  
 Bright amidst Paleness, beautiful in Pain;  
 Br——ll's a Toast, immoderately Fair,  
*Digby* beholds a powerful Rival there.  
 That thing a Husband must confess such Charms,  
 And feel a Lovers Transports in her Arms:  
*Hyde*, *Essex*, R——nd, *Manchester*, *Carleyle*,  
 Once with confederate Beauty, bless'd our Isle;  
 But impious time, (what will not time deface?)  
 Is a sure Tyrant to a beauteous Race:  
 Not *Or——nd* escapes his Arbitrary Sway  
 Even her Majestick Sweetness knows Decay;  
 St. *Alban* does with Fainting Pomp appear,  
 Tho' sung by *Halifax*, and sprung from *Vere*;

'Twere Compliment to call 'em radiant still,  
 What must we, if we can't commend, speak ill?  
*Collier* shall late resign her just Pretence,  
 Mourn not her Fate, but mourn thy Impudence;  
 Nor think her Charms in danger to expire,  
 When Slaves from Parsons up to Lords admire;  
 It is not that thy blooming Choice I blame,  
*Digby's* compos'd for Wonder, born to Fame;  
 The Fair must yield to her superior Right,  
 T' insult the vanquish'd, is a barbarous spight.  
 But *Forster* singly storms thy keenest Rage,  
 She fears no *Digby*, and adorns the Age;  
 Where'er she shines, her Form so charming bright  
 She claims Regard, and boasts an equal Right:  
 To her my Muse shall offer endless Lays,  
 And Hers shall be a Match for *Digby's* Praise,  
 Tho' his Boy-grace to her Assistance joyns,  
 And brings a Sword as dreadful as thy Lines.

### Laura's FAN.

Other Belles can hardly get  
 Lovers by their Form and Wit:  
*Laura's* every Motion warms,  
 More than their united Charms;  
 Which in her appear too bright,  
 For the Strength of mortal Sight.

When a thousand artful Ways  
 She her Fan alone displays,  
 In each Toss, a different Air,  
 Adds a Captive to the Fair:  
 Whilst with such a Mistress blest,  
 Of great Pow'r the Toy's possess'd:  
*Pallas's* petrifying Shield,  
 To its greater Force must yield:  
 Not *Diana's* fatal Bow,  
 Strikes a swifter, surer Blow;  
 Thunder in the Hand of Jove,  
 Does not more destructive prove.  
 Many Cupids young and gay,  
 On the folded mounting Play;  
 Quit their Darts, unbend their Bows,  
 Whilst the Fair one grants Repose;  
 But at ev'ry Twirl, their Darts,  
 Resume and pierce approaching Hearts.

But, what wond'rous Mystery,  
 Doth in the gay Trifle lie;  
 That it's ev'ry Motion shou'd  
 Fire each chill Beholder's Blood,  
 Yet to the dear She dispence,  
 Coldness and Indifference?  
*Phæbus* thus, with one bright Ray,  
 Softens Wax, and hardens Clay.

Did'st thou, senseless Fan, but know,  
 What great ills to thee I owe,  
 Surely thou would'st fire the Dame,  
 Make her share an equal Flame;  
 Or its Antient Cold impart  
 To my vainly burning Heart;  
 As *Achilles's* Spear was found,  
 First to give, then Cure the Wound.



*An Imitation of Martial. Epig. 65.  
Lib. 5. Ad Ministros.*

*Sextantes, Calliste, duos infunde Falerni, &c.*

*By J. R. a Youth of Westminster  
School.*

FILL me two Bumpers of high Sparkling Wine,  
Fetch'd from proud Iber or the swelling Rhine;  
Bring me some Ice congeal'd in Winter Storms,  
To Cool the Wine which burning Phæbus warms.  
Twine round my Temples rosy Wreaths, and shed  
Thy Fragrant Oils all o'er my joyous Head.  
Go call bright Chloris, in whose sparkling Eyes  
Th' Immortal God of Love Triumphant lyes,  
Around whose Face ten Thousand Beauties Play  
And dart a Lustre like the Blaze of Day,  
When Phæbus cheers the Morn with his prolific  
Ray.

That I may fold her in my longing Arms,  
And rifle all her undiscover'd Charms,  
And prove the Pleasure of enjoyed Love.  
To be exceeded nowhere but above.  
Thus I'll o'erflow my Soul and glut each Vein  
With all those Joys, which Mortals can obtain,  
While vigorous Youth in ev'ry Pore does reign;  
Th' adjacent Tombs where Kings and Heroes lye  
Command us not to let one Minute flie,  
But to indulge our Pleasures while we may,  
To drown in brimming Bowls the trouble of the  
Day,  
And sunk in Ease let Life glide leisurely away.  
For Death condemns us all to one sure Grave,  
In his cold Arms All equal Beings have,  
Nor is the greatest King above the meanest Slave

*Mart. Si memini Fuerant.*

THOU hadst four Teeth good *Eli* heretofore,  
But one Cough spit out two, and one two  
(more.  
Now thou mayst Cough all day and safely too  
There's nothing left for the third Cough to do.

*The Force of Musick to the Memory of  
the Late Famous Henry Purcel, a  
Pindarick Ode.*

WHILE Tow'ring with Seraphick Wings,  
The mighty Purcel Heights unknown explores,  
Sublime on Musick's Force he upward springs,  
Till to Divinity he soars.  
Mankind lies ravish'd with his Lays,  
And all in vain attempts his Praise;  
Still while our Grov'ling Thoughts aspire  
To reach the Raptures we admire;  
We but degrade the Name we meant to raise.  
Boundless and free thy numbers move  
With native Fury fir'd;  
And with diffusive Raptures rove  
By none but thy great self inspir'd,

The Gods themselves thy Lays attend,  
To thee their ravish'd Ears they bend.  
A while their Heav'nly Rapture they decline,  
And tune their own Imperfect Notes by thine.  
Now Godlike *Nassau* feels thy Sov'reign Power,  
And Conquests o're his Soul, unknown before:  
Prostrate the vanquish'd *Hero* lies,  
And with each vary'd Note unwillingly com-  
plies.

See, see, the mighty Purcel comes,  
(Sound the Trumpets beat the Drums)  
He leaves his Triumphs in the Skies  
Attempts a greater Prize.  
Th' Angelick quire his Absence mourn,  
Repeat past Joys, and long for his Return,  
High in Seraphick State he stands,  
And with insulting Force, the pliant *Hero* bends.  
His song began with *Dioclesian's* Fame,  
The Trembling Notes resound his mighty Name.  
And to the list'ning World his Glorious Deeds pro-  
Descending Angels croud around, (claim;  
And joyn their Heav'nly Lays!

The vaulted Roofs improve the Sound,  
And propagate his Praise.  
When to redeem a sinking World,  
The daring *Hero* rose,  
Around his scatter'd Rage he hurld;  
And quell'd his numerous Foes.  
In vain Conspiring Nations joyn,  
In vain oppose his bold Design;  
Himself alone subdu'd their Weaker Aid,  
Himself alone reveng'd the injur'd Maid,  
And from th' insulting Monarch's Brow pull'd  
(down the violated slade,

Nor Earth nor Sea can stop his Course,  
Nor Tyber's more impetuous Force,  
When Swelling with it's Weight,  
A-round the mighty Ruin lay,  
And Men and Arms promiscuous fill'd the Way,  
And thwart his env'y'd Fate.  
Unmov'd the Dauntless *Hero* view'd  
Millions of Foes and fought and swam in Blood.  
Widely he deal'd Destruction round,  
And hew'd his dreadful Passage down,  
And cut his mangled Way and clove the purple  
(Flood.

In Virtue's just Defence he rose,  
And gave the troubled World Repose,  
At once their Peace and Freedom he Restor'd  
While gratefull Nations in return obey'd,  
Obey'd their just their rightful Lord.  
And gave him but the Lawrels he had won, the  
(Conquests he had made,

A present *Dioclesian* all resound;  
A present *Dioclesian* all the vaulted roofs re-  
(bound,  
The Trembling strings untoucht repeat the name  
(and Swell his praise around,  
Sooth'd with the Sound the Monarch rose,  
To Troubled Nations gave a fresh Repose,  
And thrice he swam the *Boyne* and thrice he  
(slew his Foes.

The mighty Purcel smil'd to see  
The wondrous force of Harmony;  
Chang'd his Hand, lest the Lyre,  
Checkt his Rage and kindled softer Fire.  
The mournful Flute he chose  
Soft passion to infuse,  
Such as parting Lovers use

Such



Such as lab'ring Sighs disclose,  
Such as *Maria's* Death requires, as reaches all our  
*Maria's* harder Fate he sung, (Woe.)  
*Maria* fair and young,

In Bloom of Youth and Beauty's Pride,  
Snatch'd from the trembling Monarch's Side,  
While panting in his Arms she lay,  
And in soft Kisses breath'd her Soul away.  
In vain the *Hero* rushes to her Aid,  
Alas! a stronger Power does invade;  
A Power which must even thee pull down,  
With all the Laurels thou hast won,  
And level with the common Dust, an undistinguisht

(Shade,  
The breathing Notes unwillingly complain,  
And gently tell th' unwelcome News a-round;  
Bemoaning Echo imitates in vain,  
And falters in the Sound.

With down-cast Eyes the Monarch view'd

All his flatt'ring Hopes destroy'd,  
Afresh her Image he renew'd,  
Afresh his Tears employ'd.

To Heav'n again the tuneful Conqu'ror Flies,  
Resumes his Triumphs in the Skies,  
There to the blest Seraphick Quire

Relates the Conquests of his Lays;  
His wondrous skill they all admire,  
And through the vocal Heav'ns resound his Praise.

Th' unwelcome news *Maria* heard,  
Much for her vanquish'd Lord she fear'd,  
Yet knew no Humane Force cou'd him confine,  
Nor less than Harmony Divine.

Much she enquires of things Below,  
And longs to hear her lov'd *Britannia's* State;

At that the Tears began to flow,  
(Tears such as Angels shed if they can Sorrows

know)  
And with indulgent Grief she mourn'd, th' unhappy  
(*Glocester's* Fate.

### Grand Chorus.

Mean while th' Angelick Quire prepare,  
To rear him Trophies, and reward his Care,  
His Brows with Myrtle Wreaths they bound,  
(So shou'd his vast Desert he crown'd,)  
And through the wond'ring Skies aloft the Con-

(qu'ror bear.  
A-round his Triumphs they proclaim,  
And with his Conquests swell the Mouth of Fame.

Henceforth let *Purcell* and *Nassau* be prais'd,

Or *Nassau* yield the Crown,  
A sinking World the Monarch rais'd  
He pull'd that Monarch down.

### A Riddle.

+ BOTH white and black, all seeming Ease, all Pain,  
All Pleasure, Fancy dearly bought, all Gain,  
A Cooling Fire,  
A sham Desire,  
All nasty as a Hog with Mire.

### Mock Song to Liberia.

+ BRisk Wine is all my Soul's Delight;  
'Tis all my Comfort all my Joy;

It feasts the Smell, the Taste, the Sight  
With Charms that never, never cloy.

The Beauties of a Sparkling Glass  
Please beyond all I found before.  
Oh! Why cannot I love thee less,  
Or, Lovely Charmer, praise thee more.

Like Heatless Stars, *Liberia's* Charms  
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast my Eye;  
But Wine's the Sun that shines and warms,  
With that alone I'd live and Die.

Immortal Author of the Vine,  
Whose Sprightly Juyce I so much love,  
Grant me still fresh Supplies of Wine,  
And then I'll flight your Heav'n above.

### Death with the Four Elements.

TWO Infant Twins, a Sister and a Brother,  
When out of Doors was gone their careful Sire,  
And left his Babes in keeping with their Mother,  
Who merrily sat singing by the Fire;  
Who having fill'd a Tub with Water Warm,  
She bath'd her Girl; (O mournful Tale to tell)  
The whilst she thought the other safe from Harm,  
(Unluckily) into the Fire he fell:  
Which She preceiving let her Daughter drown,  
And rashly ran to save her burning Son,  
Which finding Dead, she hastily casts down,  
And all agast, doth to the Water run;  
Where seeing t'other was depriv'd of Breath,  
She gainst the Earth falls down, and dash't her Brains;  
Her Husband comes, and sees this Work of Death  
And desprate hangs himself to ease his Pains.  
Thus Death and all the Elements conspire,  
To ruin Man, Earth, Water, Air and Fire.

### On the Author of the Farce, call'd the BITER.

Mr. Roe.  
THIS Author, I suppose, pretends to Wit;  
He's disappointed; and is fairly Bit;  
For tho' the Age is of the Biting Trade,  
Yet, as he makes it, 'tis not Biting made.  
If then he takes it ill, that this I write,  
Tell him---'twas from his Farce I learnt to Bite.

### On Charieffa looking in her Glass.

CAST, *Charieffa*, cast that Glass away,  
Nor in its Chrystal Face, thine own survey:  
What can be free from Love's Imperious Laws,  
When painted Shadows, real Flames can caue,  
The Fires may burn thee, from this Mirror rise  
By the reflected Beams of thine own Eyes:  
And thus at last fal'n with thy self in Love,  
Thou wilt, my Rival, thine own Martyr prove,  
But if thou dost desire thy Form to view,  
Look in my Heart, where Love thy Picture drew;  
And then if pleas'd with thine own Shape thou be,  
Learn how to love thy self by Loving me.



*On the great Preparations made for the  
Funeral of Mr. Dryden.*

OF Living Wits, all Nations else are fond,  
And like *Augustus*, proud to correspond;  
And as the Greatness of their Souls they find,  
They strive to raise their Fortunes to their Mind.  
So the fam'd Dame, that o'er the Waves does ride,  
And laughs at all the Insults of the Tide,  
Gave a young Author for his first Essay,  
Enough to keep him his Life's longest Day:  
His Country's Fame in Recompence he sung,  
And *Venice* now's immortal by his Tongue.  
But wiser we (who all such Precepts scorn,  
And act without the Prospect of Return)  
Let starve the Poet, and care for his Urn.  
To a Dead Author wonderfully kind,  
But rank the Living with the Lame and Blind:  
Like *David* while the Infant liv'd we weep,  
Sack-cloth and Pray'rs, and solemn Fasts we

(keep.

But when the joyful News is, he is Dead,  
We feast the Body, and adorn the Head;  
With Songs and Dances follow to the Grave,  
Whom just before we branded for a Slave:  
So *Rome* the great *Ventidius* once decried,  
Rail'd at him while he liv'd, Entomb'd him when  
he Died.

P. C.

*The Resolv'd.*

1.  
SHIPS which in smoother Seas with Pride  
Court and adorn the flowing Tide,  
By ev'ry ruffling Blast are tost,  
And in their wanton Glories lost.  
Still various is our humane State,  
Through the Vicissitudes of Fate.

2.  
The Brave and Great are not dismay'd,  
When anxious Troubles them invade;  
Nor do in Fears of Death despair,  
Though Fears than Death more grievous are.  
Those Storms which may the Ship o'erwhelm  
Make not the Pilot quit his Helm.

*Love Surpriz'd.*

O *Cloris*! 'Twas unkindly done,  
First to invade me with your Eyes,  
And when my yielding Heart was won,  
Then to begin your Tyrannies.  
The gen'rous Lyon streight grows meek,  
And gently spares the fawning Chafe;  
But the submissive Wretch may seek,  
In vain for Pity from that Face;  
Where, while enchanting Syrens Sing,  
Th' allured Mariner is wrackt;  
So whirling Gulfs Destruction bring,  
And overwhelm what they attract.

*Ode the 25th of Anacreon Paraphras'd.*

By W. C.

WHEN I drink my full Bottle of gen'rous Cham-  
paign,  
The Cares of the World never trouble my Brain.  
Whilst some plow the Vallies, and others the Deep,  
Some are dumpish with Spleen, at Misfortunes  
(some weep;  
The Fumes of this Wine lull my Vapours asleep.  
Tho' the Bill should not pass, nor the Houses agree,  
Tho' the Tories turn Courtiers, what is it to me?  
My Friends, all as merry and careless as I,  
No Party can hate, nor Ambition decry.  
And yet, tho' indifferent, I'm honest beside; (Side.  
For who haults between Both, must incline to one  
Thou say'st, we must die; and that's Reason enough,  
To decant t'other Bottle, and drink it all off;  
For if Death gives us Terror, and Wine gives us  
(Rest,  
He that drinks most of this, will receive that the  
The Sot and the Madman is really he, (best.  
Who fools away Life with his Coffee and Tea,  
Like a passionless Ass, and Spiritless Drone,  
Without e'er a Jest, or a Pun, trudges on.  
If you screw up his Soul to a pleasanter Key,  
And instruct him an Air of brisk Living to play;  
He strives, like a Fish in a Medium too fine,  
To sink down to his Mud, and his VVater again.  
Come then, drink about, fill as high as you please,  
'Tis a Glas of right good, as the Green-cloth  
(Board has,  
Tho' the VVorld be in Discord, yet we will have  
(Peace.

*A Riddle and no Riddle.*

Clear are the Streams which through this  
(Country run;  
Useless are Vines, because not blest with Sun;  
Nor is there any Fruit, but Flowers good Store,  
Tho' there's no Fish, yet Crabs live on this Shore.

*A Gentleman to a Lady, who desir'd to  
know what Charm of hers had wounded  
him?*

TELL me, you Syren, with what Secret Art,  
You wound, and steal through my unguarded  
(Heart?  
Is't the amazing Brightness of your Eyes,  
That charms my Soul with Rapture and Surprize?  
Or do your snowy Breasts my Passion Move,  
And fill me o'er with Extasies of Love;  
Or is't your Harmony whene'er you sing,  
More sweet than Birds when ush'ring in the Spring?  
Or is't the Musick of your tuneful Lyre,  
That does my roving longing Soul inspire?  
Is it some Grace that Poets can't express,  
But all their Flights and Raptures would make less,

That



That you so beauteous, and so bright appear,  
Like to the dazzling Orb that gilds the Sphere?  
Is it those balmy Sweets that ever dwell,  
Upon your Lips, that make you thus excell?  
Is it your Gesture, or your awful Mien,  
More fam'd than that of Beauty's conqu'ring Queen?  
O tell me, is't your rosie Cheeks that charm,  
And do with such resistless Power warm?  
Is it your Look, or some bewitching Smile,  
That does my Soul I know not how beguile?  
Tell me kind Fair (if so I may you call)  
Is't one of these great Charms, or is it all?

*An Acrostick.*

HOW happy, how Divine,  
Happy, Oh! happy he that's thine;  
Fair as an Angel straight and Tall,  
One whole Dress and Shape and all  
Should invite ev'n Gods to fall.  
I say my Muse her Praise sing forth,  
Be ever telling of her Worth;  
If all the nine united were,  
Brains wou'd disorder'd be I Fear  
Were all the Muses to appear;  
Turn'd to Distraction, Fury, Heat,  
To undertake a Thame so great,  
Hard Labour, Drudgery and Death  
Is all without you here on Earth,  
Tie up, and there's an end of Breath.

*A Sigh sent to his absent Love.*

I Sent a Sigh unto my blest one's Ear,  
Which lost 'its Way and never did come there:  
I hastned after, lest some other Fair,  
Should mildly entertain this trav'ling Air,  
Each flowry Garden I did search for Fear  
It might mistake a Lilly for her Ear;  
And having there took Lodging might still Dwell  
Hous'd in the Concave of a Christall Bell.  
At last, one frosty Morning I did Spy,  
This Subtile Wand'rer Journeying in the Sky;  
At sight of me it trembled, then drew near;  
Then grieving fell, and dropt into a Tear:  
I bore it to my Saint, and pray'd her take  
This new Born Off-spring for the Master's sake:  
She took it, and prefer'd it to her Ear,  
And now it hears each thing that's whisper'd there:  
O now I envy Grief, when that I see,  
My Sorrow makes a Gem more Blest than me!  
Yet little Pendant, Porter to the Ear,  
Let not my Rival have Admittance there;  
But if by chance a mild Access he gain,  
Upon her Lip inflict a gentle Pain,  
Only for Admonition: so when she,  
Gives ear to him, at least she'll think of me.

*Ingratitude.*

TIS hard that Poets cannot always live,  
Nor taste the Immortality they give:

The Gods they make, ungratefully destroy  
Their Parents, and the Authors of their Joy.

*On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester.*

EArth had no Crown could bribe his longer Stay  
Early to Heaven he took his destin'd Way.  
How could he live in such an Age of Vice?  
The Phanix only dwells in Paradise:

EPIGRAM.

AS Giron lately in the Temple sat,  
(Tho' that's a Place he comes but seldom at)  
He heard the Mobb discoursing in the Porch;  
Pray Neighbours (he cries out) don't, talk in  
(Church.  
Now wou'd you know why he reprov'd the Croud;  
'Twas cause he cou'd not sleep they talk'd so loud.

*Seeing a Lady at a Play call'd The Trip to the Jubilee.*

THE Scene seems now a Melancholy Place,  
Here Gaze, my Eyes, here revel, and  
embrace,  
And press, and kiss, at every Glance that Face.  
Let both the Author, and his Play seek Rome,  
Beauty, I'm sure, keeps Jubilee at home.

*To a LADY under the Name of Philomela.*

I'M Charm'd I'm ravish'd with thy Tuneful Song,  
Ne'er may this Philomela lose her Tongue.  
Sweet as The first, Harmoniously you move,  
By sorrow she was taught, and you by Love.

*Upon seeing the Satyr against Wit mangled by Rats, while other Papers that lay with it escaped.*

To the Author.

LONG have I tug'd my Brain to find an Use,  
Fit for this Gleaning of thy barren Muse,  
Ev'n Rats at last have prov'd thee to be good,  
(So could not I) and cull'd thee out for Food.  
Hail vast Success of thy Ill-natur'd Pen!  
Rat's are to thee more merciful than Men;  
Once for Bum-fodder scarce enough esteem'd,  
Art thou, strange Fate! now worthy Eating deem'd?

No



No Wonder had this glorious Doom produc'd,  
 Were they to dull necessity reduc'd:  
 But by free Masters of their Choice, to be  
 Rais'd to such Honour 'midst Variety,  
 Shews a peculiar Something in thy Strains,  
 Beyond my Thought, and proper for thy Pains.  
 Wilt thou Revenge thy nobly injur'd Cause!  
 Be greater Heroe than *Domitian* was;  
 He ventur'd Royal spleen on harmless Flies,  
 But of provoking *Rats* claim thou Reprise.  
 From killing Rationals thy Physick may,  
 Stoop to such four-leg'd Animals as they;  
 Lay but one Dose to catch the daring Train,  
 It wants not Venom, and soon proves Ratsbane.

### On Orpheus and Margarita.

Hail tuneful Pair! say, by what wondrous Charms,  
 One 'scap'd from Hell, and one from Greber's  
 (Arms.

When the soft Thracian struck the trembling strings  
 The Winds were hush'd, and fur'd their airy Wings.  
 And since the tawney Tuscan rais'd her Strain,  
*Rock* Strikes his Sails and dozes on the Main.  
 Treaties unfinish'd in the Office sleep,  
 And *Shovel* yawns for orders on the Deep.  
 Thus equal Claims an equal Conquest gain,  
 To him high Woods and bending Timber came,  
 So her Shrub *Hedges*, and *Fr. N. King*.  
 How both attract the *Muses* can relate,  
 He Trees and Stones, She Ministers of *State*.

### The Apple and the Horse-Turd.

AN Apple falling from a Tree,  
 VVhich near a River flood,  
 VVith Horse-Turd in his Company  
 VVas sailing down the Flood:  
 VVhen Turd ambitious to discourse,  
 A thing so much above it,  
 VVould into Conversation force,  
 As down the River drove it.  
 Lord! Madam, what a pleasant Stream,  
 Is this in which we ride?  
 Sister, How we two Apples swim,  
 The foul Sir-Reverence cry'd.

### MORAL.

*urte*  
 Owl D—y of the Kitcat Strain,  
 With Wonders in the Sun a,  
 Hath got a third Night once again;  
 And Wonders he hath done a,  
 And now his Wings he shakes, cocks Tail;  
 And boots thus on the Stage a;  
 Surely true Poets ne'er can fail,  
 To please a knowing Age a.

### A DIALOGUE between Strephon and Phillis.

Str. PHILLIS will my frequent Vows,  
 Cruel PHILLIS never move?

Heav'n such Sacrifice allows;  
 And accepts a faithful Love.  
 Phi. Heav'n may do it more than I  
 Heaven the Difference can discover,  
 'Tween the real Truth and Lye;  
 'Tween the Swearer and the Lover.  
 Str. Can you see me always dying,  
 And not have a secret Dread?  
 Phi. Never, for 'tis all but Lying,  
 Since I never find you dead.  
 Str. VVill you then no Pity have?  
 Phi. More than's fit for such a Knave;  
 You do much mistake the Blessing,  
 If you think 'tis in possessing:  
 VVhen you have us in your Arms,  
 Straight away dissolve our Charms;  
 All your Flames and Raptures dead,  
 Buried in the Nuptial Bed;  
 If you'd have the Joy of Life,  
 Never let me be your VVife.  
 Str. Then I must unhappy be?  
 Phi. Not if you're resolv'd like me:  
 Str. Prithee how? Phi. forbear the Toy!  
 Never, never let's enjoy!  
 Still on blooming Blifs you'll feed:  
 Str. Faith I am convinc'd, agreed.

### CHORUS of Both.

Bright Nectar's more fragrant whilst sparkling it  
 glows  
 I'the Glass: Far more sweet on the Bush is the Rose:  
 The Plumb with the Bloom on's more fair to the Eye,  
 And Love whilst untasted's more quick, and le ne'er die;  
 Let's Love, Look, and VVish, and no farther arrive,  
 Least Substance we lose, whilst for Shadows we dive.

### A Riddle.

*Cards and Dice.*  
 FOUR Kings shall meet within this Isle,  
 And make great Triumph for a while,  
 Dead Bones shall tumble up and down  
 In every City and in every Town;  
 These VVars shall never cease,  
 Until one Herald shall proclaim Peace;  
 Such a Herald was never born,  
 VVhose Beard is Flesh, his Mouth is Horn.

### Made on Mrs. Tofts.

WHEN Cloe sings, the Universe is Charm'd,  
 And Heav'n itself with Harmony alarm'd;  
 Her Accents reach th'Ethereal Choir,  
 And call it's wond'ring Angels down  
 In ravi'd numbers, to admire,  
 A Melody soft as their own.

And see the mighty Cupid too  
 Descending, with unbended Bow,  
 Submissively, to own his Dart  
 Less pow'rful than her Charming Art,

That



That brought his Sov'raignty from above,  
To crown her, as of *Musick*, Queen of Love.  
I once did Love, but had the Fate,  
To have the Love return'd with Hate;  
But by't I'll this Experience gain;  
Tho' lov'd, I'll never love again,  
But let God *Bacchus* drown my Care,  
For Wine's the Armour I'll prepare  
To keep out Love, and that's the way  
To beat the Roguish Boy away.

### The Woolf and Porcupine.

*Written during the late Peace.*

A Hungry Woolf that long'd to dine,  
Upon a well-fed Porcupine;  
Found he had need of all his Skill,  
To taste the Flesh and 'scape the Quill:  
And therefore sily thus addrest,  
In fawning Terms, the wary Beast.  
What is it Neighbour, that you fear?  
What Enemy, what Danger's near?  
What means this Magazine of Arms?  
When Treaties sign'd secure from Harms?  
When all Hostilities must cease,  
Why such a Guard in time of Peace?  
Why will you now in Safety bear,  
The Burthen and Expence of War?  
To whom the crafty Beast reply'd;  
These are not for Defence, but Pride:  
For truly Neighbour, as you say,  
They're useless at this time of Day;  
And I should be of your Belief,  
Could I but see you draw your Teeth.

### MORAL.

France is the needling Woolf, 'tis plain,  
That gapes for luscious Bit;  
And we know 't is the Porcupine,  
But that she wants the Wit.  
What need of Fleets or Armies now,  
That once were England's Boast?  
France to our Articles will bow,  
And Guard the Spanish Coast:  
Let us disarm our Men of War,  
Since she substore Equips,  
She'll save us that Expence and Care,  
And Convey home our Ships.

### On the Duke of Marlborough his late Success. By A. C.

CAN Marlborough fail of his Success in Fight,  
When Guardian Angels make him their Delight?  
No. He must Vanquish and Triumphant Shine,  
That is protected by the Pow'r's Divine.  
What Troops on Earth are able to withstand,  
The Mighty Force of Marlborough's conqu'ring Hand?  
Such Conquests will for ever sound his Fame,  
And wond'ring Nations must adore his Name.  
England rejoices at his happy State, (Late.  
While trembling France repent their Pride too

## H O R A C E,

### LIB. III. ODE III. *Imitated.*

THE Man that's Resolute and Just,  
Firm to his Principles and Trust,  
Nor Hopes, nor Fears can blind;  
No Passions his Designs controul,  
Not Love that Tyrant of the Soul,  
Can shake his steady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,  
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,  
Nor Storms where Fleets despair;  
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;  
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,  
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,  
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes,  
Of this their Poets sing;  
These were the Paths the Heroes trod,  
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,  
And Great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood  
Unmov'd beheld the breaking Flood,  
With black'ning Storms combin'd;  
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way,  
The Winds may for a while delay,  
Not alter our Design.

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,  
Or Vanity allures to Fame,  
May be to Fears betray'd;  
But here a Church for Succour flies,  
Insulted Law expiring lyes,  
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes! with ardent Zeal  
I come, to wound the Heart to heal.  
The wounding Hand to bind!  
See, Tools of arbitrary Sway,  
And Priests, like Locusts, scour away  
Before the Western Wind!

Law shall again her Force resume;  
Religion, clear'd from Clouds of Rome,  
With brighter Rays advance;  
The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep;  
The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,  
Strike Terror into France.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate  
Be limited to my short Date;  
When I from Cares withdraw;  
Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,  
Shall flourish in a Female Hand,  
And to Mankind give Law.

She shall Domestick Foes unite,  
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,  
Whole Armies drag her Chain;  
She shall lost *Italy* restore,  
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,  
And give a King to Spain.

But, know, These Promises are giv'n,  
These great Rewards Impartial Heav'n  
Does on these Terms decree;

That,



That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,  
You let their Consciences and Thoughts  
Rest absolutely Free.

Let no false Politicks confine  
In narrow Bounds your vast Design,  
To make Mankind unite;  
Nor think it a sufficient Cause  
To punish Men by penal Laws,  
For not Believing Right.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind,  
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find

Who ne'er Compassion knew:  
By Nobler Actions theirs condemn;  
For what has been reproach'd in Them,  
Can ne'er be prais'd in You.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;  
Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,  
Pretending to rehearse  
The Thoughts of Gods, and Godlike Kings;  
Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things,  
By mean, ignoble Verse!

FINIS.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T S.

AT the Desire of several Gentlemen and Ladies, it is propos'd for the Carrying on of the *Diverting-Post*, That instead of the Monthly Publications, it shall for the Future contain Two Months Papers together, which will make 6 Pacquets the Year, beginning with *Mar.* and *Apr.* 1706. Every Subscriber to pay down 2 s. 6 d. beforehand and so to have the whole Sett, and the Post shall be sent to him or her, provided they Subscribe for Six, or a greater Number, into any Part of *England*; and that all but the Subscribers shall pay 6 d. a piece for every single Post, and for the Setts of the whole Year, 3 s. And for the Encouragement of the Subscribers, they who shall Subscribe, or get Subscriptions for Six, shall have a Seventh *Gratis*. Subscriptions will be taken in at most of the Noted Coffee-Houses, and Publick Places, in Town and Country, and the Subscription Money paid to Mr. Playford, at his House in *Arundel Street*, near the Water-side.

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